# MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

*Illustrations by R. H. Livingstone*



### SYNOPSIS

PREFACE.—"Mary Marie" explains her apparent "double personality" and just why she is a "cross-current and a contradiction;" she also tells her reasons for writing the diary—later to be a novel. The diary is commenced at Andersonville.

CHAPTER I.—Mary begins with Nurse Sarah's account of her (Mary's) birth, which seemingly interested her father, who is a famous astronomer, less than a new star which was discovered the same night. Her name is a compromise, her mother wanted to call her Viola and her father insisting on Abigail Jane. The child quickly learned that her home was in some way different from those of her small friends, and was puzzled thereat. Nurse Sarah tells her of her mother's arrival at Andersonville as a bride and how astonished they all were at the sight of the dainty eighteen-year old girl whom the sedate professor had chosen for a wife.

CHAPTER II.—Continuing her story, Nurse Sarah makes it plain why the household seemed a strange one to the child and howher father and mother drifted apart through misunderstanding, each too proud to in any way attempt to smooth over the situation.

CHAPTER III.—Mary tells of the time spent "out west" where the "perfectly all right and genteel and respectable" divorce was being arranged for, and her mother's (to her) unaccountable behavior. By the court's decree the child is to spend six months of the year with her mother and six months with her father. Boston is Mother's home, and she and Mary leave Andersonville for that city to spend the first six months.

CHAPTER IV.—At Boston Mary becomes "Marie." She is delighted with her new home, so different from the gloomy house at Andersonville. The number of gentlemen who call on her mother leads her to speculate on the possibility of a new father. She classes the callers as "prospective suitors," finally deciding the choice is to be between "the violinist" and a Mr. Harlow. A conversation she overhears between her mother and Mr. Harlow convinces her that it will not be that gentleman, and "to violinist" seems to be the likely man. Mrs. Anderson receives a letter from "Aunt Abigail Anderson, her former husband's sister, whi is keeping house for him, reminding her that "Mary" is expected at Andersonville for the six months she is to spend with her father. Her mother is distressed, but has no alternative, and "Marie" departs for Andersonville

And that's what they all seem to be trying to do—to make her forget. There isn't a day goes by but that somebody sends flowers or books or candy, or invites her somewhere, or takes her to ride or to the theater, or comes to see her, so that Mother is in just one whirl of good times from morning till night. Why, she'd just have to forget. She doesn't have any time to remember. I think she is forgetting, too. Oh, of course she gets tired, and sometimes rainy days or twilights I find her on the sofa in her room not reading or anything, and her face looks 'most as it used to sometimes after they'd been having one of their incompatibility times. But I don't find her that way very often, and it doesn't last long. So I really think she is forgetting.

About the prospective suitors—I found that "prospective suitor" in a story a week ago, and I just love it. It means you probably will want to marry her, you know. I use it all the time now—in my mind—when I'm thinking about those gentlemen that come here (the unmarried ones). I forgot and used it out loud one day to Aunt Hattie; but I shan't again. She said, "Mercy!" and threw up her hands and looked over to Grandpa the way she does when I've said something she thinks is perfectly awful.

But I was firm and dignified—but very polite and pleasant—and I said that I didn't see why she should act like that, for of course they were prospective suitors, the unmarried ones, anyway, and even some of the married ones, maybe, like Mr. Harlow, for of course they could get divorces, and—

"Marie!" interrupted Aunt Hattie then, before I could say another word, or go on to explain that of course Mother couldn't be expected to stay unmarried always, though I was very sure she wouldn't get married again until it was perfectly proper and genteel for her to take unto herself another husband.

But Aunt Hattie wouldn't even listen. And she threw up her hands and said, "Marie!" again with the emphasis on the last part of the name the way I simply loathe. And she told me never, never to let her hear me make such a speech as that again. And I said I would be very careful not to. And you may be sure I shall. I don't want to go through a scene like that again!

She told Mother about it, though, I think. Anyhow, they were talking very busily together when they came into the library after dinner that night, and Mother looked sort of flushed and plagued, and I heard her say, "Perhaps the child does read too many novels, Hattie."

And Aunt Hattie answered, "Of course she does!" Then she said something else which I didn't catch, only the words "silly" and "romantic" and "pre-co-shus." (I don't know what that last means, but I put it down the way it sounded, and I'm going to look it up.)

Then they turned and saw me, and they didn't say anything more. But the next morning the perfectly lovely story I was reading, that Theresa let me take, called "The Hidden Secret," I couldn't find anywhere. And when I asked Mother if she'd seen it, she said she'd given it back to Theresa, and that I mustn't ask for it again. That I wasn't old enough yet to read such stories.

There it is again! I'm not old enough. When will I be allowed to take my proper place in life? Echo answers when.

Well, to resume and go on.

What was I talking about? Oh, I know—the prospective suitors. (Aunt Hattie can't hear me when I just write it, anyway.) Well, they all come just as they used to, only there are more of them now—two fat men, one slim one, and a man with a halo of hair round a bald spot. Oh, I don't mean that any of them are really suitors yet. They just come to call and to tea, and send her flowers and candy. And Mother isn't a mite nicer to one than she is to any of the others. Anybody can see that. And she shows very plainly she's no notion of picking anybody out yet. But of course I can't help being interested and watching.

It won't be Mr. Harlow, anyway. I'm pretty sure of that, even if he has started in to get his divorce. (And he has. I heard Aunt Hattie tell Mother so last week.) But Mother doesn't like him. I'm sure she doesn't. He makes her awfully nervous. Oh, she laughs and talks with him—seems as if she laughs even more with him than she does with anybody else. But she's always looking around for somebody else to talk to; and I've seen her get up and move off just as he was coming across the room toward her, and I'm just sure she saw him. There's another reason, too, why I think Mother isn't going to choose him for her lover. I heard something she said to him one day.

She was sitting before the fire in the library, and he came in. There were other people there, quite a lot of them; but Mother was all alone by the fireplace, her eyes looking fixed and dreamy into the fire. I was in the window-seat around the corner of the chimney reading; and I could see Mother in the mirror just as plain as could be. She could have seen me, too, of course, if she'd looked up. But she didn't.

I never even thought of hearing anything I hadn't ought, and I was just going to get down and speak to Mother myself, when Mr. Harlow crossed the room and sat down on the sofa beside her.

"Dreaming, Madge?" he said, low and soft, his soulful eyes just devouring her lovely face. (I read that, too, in a book last week. I just loved it!)

Mother started and flushed up.

"Oh, Mr. Harlow!" she cried. (Mother always calls him "Mr." That's another thing. He always calls her "Madge," you know.) "How do you do?" Then she gave her quick little look around to see if there wasn't somebody else near for her to talk to. But there wasn't.

"But you do dream of the old days, sometimes, Madge, don't you?" he began again, soft and low, leaning a little nearer.

"Of when I was a child and played dolls before this very fireplace? Well, yes, perhaps I do," laughed Mother. And I could see she drew away a little. "There was one doll with a broken head that—"

"I was speaking of broken hearts," interrupted Mr. Harlow, very meaningfully.

"Broken hearts! Nonsense! As if there were such things in the world!" cried Mother, with a little toss to her head, looking around again with a quick little glance for some one else to talk to.

But still there wasn't anybody there.

They were all over to the other side of the room talking, and paying no attention to Mother and Mr. Harlow, only the violinist. He looked and looked, and acted nervous with his watch-chain. But he didn't come over. I felt, some way, that I ought to go away and not hear any more; but I couldn't without showing them that I had been there. So I thought it was better to stay just where I was. They could see me, anyway, if they'd just look in the mirror. So I didn't feel that I was sneaking. And I stayed.

Then Mr. Harlow spoke again. His eyes grew even more soulful and devouring. I could see them in the mirror.

"Madge, it seems so strange that we should both have had to trail through the tragedy of broken hearts and lives before we came to our real happiness. For we shall be happy, Madge. You know I'm to be free, too, soon, dear, and then we—"

But he didn't finish. Mother put up her hand and stopped him. Her face wasn't flushed any more. It was very white.

"Carl," she began in a still, quiet voice, and I was so thrilled. I knew something was going to happen—this time she'd called him by his first name. "I'm sorry," she went on. "I've tried to show you. I've tried very hard to show you—without speaking. But if you make me say it I shall have to say it. Whether you are free or not matters not to me. It can make no difference in our relationship. Now, will you come with me to the other side of the room, or must I be so rude as to go and leave you?"

She got up then, and he got up, too. He said something—I couldn't hear what it was; but it was sad and reproachful—I'm sure of that by the look in his eyes. Then they both walked across the room to the others.

I was sorry for him. I do not want him for a father, but I couldn't help being sorry for him, he looked so sad and mournful and handsome; and he's got perfectly beautiful eyes. (Oh, I do hope mine will have nice eyes when I find him!)

As I said before, I don't believe Mother'll choose Mr. Harlow, anyway, even when the time comes. As for any of the others—I can't tell. She treats them all just exactly alike, as far as I can see. Polite and pleasant, but not at all loverlike. I was talking to Peter one day about it, and I asked him. But he didn't seem to know, either, which one she will be likely to take, if any.

Peter's about the only one I can ask. Of course I couldn't ask Mother, or Aunt Hattie And Grandfather—well, I should never think of asking Grandpa a question like that. But Peter—Peter's a real comfort. I'm sure I don't know what I should do for somebody to talk to and ask questions about things down here, if it wasn't for him. He takes me to school and back again every day; so of course I see him quite a lot.

Speaking of school, it's all right, and of course I like it, though not quite so well as I did. There are some of the girls—well, they act queer. I don't know what is the matter with them. They stop talking—some of them—when I come up, and they make me feel, sometimes, as if I didn't belong. Maybe it's because I came from a little country town like Andersonville. But they've known that all along, from the very first. And they didn't act at all like that at the beginning. Maybe it's just their way down here. If I think of it I'll ask Peter tomorrow.

Well, I guess that's all I can think of this time.

### MOST FOUR MONTHS LATER

It's been ages since I've written here, I know. But there's nothing special happened. Everything has been going along just about as it did at the first. Oh, there is one thing different—Peter's gone. He went two months ago. We've got an awfully old chauffeur now. One with gray hair and glasses, and homely, too. His name is Charles. The very first day he came, Aunt Hattie told me never to talk to Charles, or bother him with questions; that it was better he should keep his mind entirely on his driving.

She needn't have worried. I should never dream of asking him the things I did Peter. He's too stupid. Now Peter and I got to be real good friends—until all of a sudden Grandpa told him he might go. I don't know why.

I don't see as I'm any nearer finding out who Mother's lover will be than I was four months ago. I suppose it's still too soon. Peter said one day he thought widows ought to wait at least a year, and he guessed grass-widows were just the same. My, how mad I was at him for using that name about my mother! Oh, I knew what he meant. I'd heard it at school. (I know now what it was that made those girls act so queer and horrid.) There was a girl—I never liked her, and I suspect she didn't like me, either. Well, she found out Mother had a divorce. (You see, I hadn't told it. I remembered how those girls out West bragged.) And she told a lot of the others. But it didn't work at all as it had in the West. None of the girls in this school here had a divorce in their families; and, if you'll believe it, they acted—some of them—as if it was a disgrace, even after I told them good and plain that ours was a perfectly respectable and genteel divorce. Nothing I could say made a mite of difference, with some of the girls, and then is when I first heard that perfectly horrid word, "grass-widow." So I knew what Peter meant, though I was furious at him for using it. And I let him see it good and plain.

Of course I changed schools. I knew Mother'd want me to, when she knew, and so I told her right away. I thought she'd be superb and haughty and disdainful sure this time. But she wasn't. First she grew so white I thought she was going to faint away. Then she began to cry and kiss and hug me. And that night I heard her talking to Aunt Hattie and saying, "To think that that poor innocent child has to suffer, too!" and some more which I couldn't hear, because her voice was all choked up and shaky.

Mother is crying now quite a lot. You see, her six months are 'most up, and I've got to go back to Father. And I'm afraid Mother is awfully unhappy about it. She had a letter last week from Aunt Jane, Father's sister. I heard her read it out loud to Aunt Hattie and Grandpa in the library. It was very stiff and cold and dignified, and ran something like this:

"Dear Madam: Dr. Anderson desires me to say that he trusts you are bearing in mind the fact that, according to the decision of the court, his daughter Mary is to come to him on the first day of May. If you will kindly inform him as to the hour of her expected arrival, he will see that she is properly met at the station."

Then she signed her name, Abigail Jane Anderson. (She was named for her mother, Grandma Anderson, same as Father wanted them to name me. Mercy! I'm glad they didn't. "Mary" is bad enough, but "Abigail Jane"—!)

Well, Mother read the letter aloud, then she began to talk about it—how she felt, and how awful it was to think of giving me up six whole months, and sending her bright little sunny-hearted Marie into that tomb-like place with only an Abigail Jane to flee to for refuge. And she said that she almost wished Nurse Sarah was back again—that she, at least, was human.

"'And see that she's properly met,' indeed!" went on Mother, with an indignant little choke in her voice. "Oh, yes, I know! Now, if it were a star or a comet that he expected, he'd go himself and sit for hours and hours watching for it. But when his daughter comes, he'll send John with the horses, like enough, and possibly that precious Abigail Jane of his. Or, maybe that is too much to expect. Oh, Hattie, I can't let her go—I can't, I can't!"

I was in the window-seat around the corner of the chimney, reading; and I don't know as she knew I was there. But I was, and I heard. And I've heard other things, too, all this week.

I'm to go next Monday, and as it comes nearer the time Mother's getting worse and worse. She's so unhappy over it. And of course that makes me unhappy, too. But I try not to show it. Only yesterday, when she was crying and hugging me, and telling me how awful it was that her little girl should have to suffer, too, I told her not to worry a bit about me; that I wasn't suffering at all. I liked it. It was ever so much more exciting to have two homes instead of one. But she only cried all the more, and sobbed, "Oh, my baby, my baby!"—so nothing I could say seemed to do one mite of good.

But I meant it, and I told the truth. I am excited. And I can't help wondering how it's all going to be at Father's. Oh, of course, I know it won't be so much fun, and I'll have to be "Mary," and all that; but it'll be something different, and I always did like different things. Besides, there's Father's love story to watch. Maybe he's found somebody. Maybe he didn't wait a year. Anyhow, if he did find somebody I'm sure he wouldn't be so willing to wait as Mother would. You know Nurse Sarah said Father never wanted to wait for anything. That's why he married Mother so quick, in the first place. But if there is somebody, of course I'll find out when I'm there. So that'll be interesting. And, anyway, there'll be the girls. I shall have them.

I'll close now, and make this the end of the chapter. It'll be Andersonville next time.

### CHAPTER V

**When I Am Mary.**

**Andersonville.**

Well, here I am. I've been here two days now, and I guess I'd better write down what's happened so far, before I forget it.

First, about my leaving Boston. Poor, dear Mother did take on dreadfully, and I thought she just wouldn't let me go. She went with me to the junction where I had to change, and asked the conductor to look out for me. (As if I needed that—a young lady like me! I'm fourteen now. I had a birthday last week.)

But I thought at the last she just wouldn't let me go, she clung to me so, and begged me to forgive her for all she'd brought upon me; and said it was a cruel, cruel shame, when there were children, and people ought to stop and think and remember, and be willing to stand anything. And then, in the next breath, she'd beg me not to forget her, and not to love Father better than I did her. (As if there was any danger of that!) And to write to her every few minutes.

Then the conductor cried, "All aboard!" and the bell rang, and she had to go and leave me. But the last I saw of her she was waving her handkerchief, and smiling the kind of a smile that's worse than crying right out loud. Mother's always like that. No matter how bad she feels, at the last minute she comes up bright and smiling, and just as brave as can be.

I had a wonderful trip to Andersonville. Everybody was very kind to me, and there were lovely things to see out of the window. The conductor came in and spoke to me several times

(To be continued)



### POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Borrowing trouble is the easiest thing in the world. There are so many who want to get rid of it.

The world is full of good people, but many are unable to tell us from the common herd.

Discarding the petticoat would not do the men a bit of good. Government by any other name would be just as bad.

If you would preserve harmony in the home, never tell your troubles to your wife—when she is at the bottom of them.

## The Long Trail

**It Runs From Massachusetts State Line to Johnson, Connecting Highest Mountains, 210 Miles**

### SHOULD BE EXTENDED

**From Johnson to Jay Peak and Canada, Some 30 Odd Miles**

The Long Trail is a path cut through the wilderness, along the mountains, from the Massachusetts state line as far north as Johnson.

It is marked with signs where it crosses roads and other paths with signs pointing the way and through the forests, by blazed trees.

Hundreds of tourists from this and other states hike over parts of this trail and few follow it the entire distance of 210 miles, for the magnificent scenery and views that may be had from the mountain tops along the way.

It touches all the highest mountains in Vermont except one, starting in the south, Stratton mountain, then Mt. Taber, with White Rocks Mountain, Killington Peak, Mt. Horrid, Bread Loaf Mountain, Lincoln Mountain, Camel's Hump, Mt. Mansfield, thence across Smugglers' Notch to Sterling Mountain and down to Johnson.

The Green Mountain Club, Johnson people and Jay Peak enthusiasts very much desire to have it extended to include Belvidere and Lowell Mountains to Jay Peak and thence to the Canadian line.

There are shelter cabins along the trail where hikers can rest or spend the night, like Taft Lodge, under the shadow of Mt. Mansfield, where there is a care taker and also at a few other cabins.

The value of the free publicity the Long Trail brings to Vermont, can-not-be told. Leading magazines and great city newspapers have told of the glories of sun rises and sun sets seen from these mountain tops, in pictures and word painting—the New York Evening Post of June 10, 1922 carried a whole page of photogravеurs pictures and descriptive text of these scenic wonders, besides a leading editorial extolling Vermont.

The Green Mountain Club issues a guide book so complete with maps and detailed information that any person can follow the trail from Johnson south for the entire distance with out a guide.

Will those in this county particularly in Johnson, Eden, etc., join with members of the Green Mountain Club and enthusiasts in Orleans county, in helping to extend the trail some 30 odd miles from Johnson to Canada?

Nothing that we could do would do more to advertise this county, "The Switzerland of America," than to join with other willing nature lovers and push the Long Trail through to Jay Peak and beyond.

A copy of the Guide Book and other Long Trail information can be had by sending 50 cents to Dr. L. J. Paris, 324 South Union street, Burlington.

Shall we put Lamoille county on the Long Trail map?

This paper will issue an illustrated edition telling more about the scenic attractions of Vermont as disclosed by the Long Trail as soon as the cuts can be procured.

## Pointed Paragraphs

Prices continue to come down they say. Perhaps we may be able to see them before long.

Be optimistic as to the future. Pessimism gathers no moss.

People who hit the high spots often find themselves in the low ones.

Keep moving, or the world will run off and leave you.

Don't throw your money to the birds. It is bad for them as well as you.

Get busy and step lively. The world owes you nothing.

Free advice is seldom worth its cost.

When duty calls, most of us are hard of hearing.

In this country the office never seeks the man. It simply endures him along with its other afflictions.

Those war fraud millions are still occupying the public mind and the pockets of the thieves.

All women look alike to men who can't see.

People can not be expected to respect the law of the land unless they are first taught to respect themselves.

Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth. It might feel ashamed.

Tell the truth at all times, is good advice. But tell it to the right person is wisdom.

Beauty that is skin deep seldom fades. It washes away.

Success breeds confidence until it is misused.

The worst of our worries are over things that never happen.

Poverty is not a crime, but many people treat it as such.

Good roads are only possible under good officials. Watch your vote as well as your step.

A word to the wise is sufficient, provided it is not uttered by a fool.

Keep in touch with the world if you don't want to be touched.

## Christian Science Lecture

**Judge Samuel W. Greene Speaks on "The Religion of Fulfillment" to a Delighted Audience Thursday Night At Universalist Church, Morrisville**

Those who failed to hear Judge Samuel W. Greene, C. S., of Louisville, Ky., at the Universalist Church Thursday evening missed something well worth listening to and worth thinking over seriously, regardless of creed or previous belief. Judge Greene is a member of the board of lecturship of the "Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston."

We regret that there was not a larger audience present, and give below a brief outline of the lecture for the benefit of those who did not or could not hear it.

Christian Science is indeed the new-old story of Life and Truth and Love. It is the simple, sweet story as it was taught and proved and practiced by Jesus of Nazareth nineteen hundred years ago. It embraces just the same thought, that through the understanding of the ever-present love and power of God, humanity is healed not only of sin but of all the results of sin—sickness, sorrow, unhappiness, death.

GOD

Perhaps the term Principle is used for God in Christian Science has more than any other word aroused an unusual inquiry in the average orthodox thought, for men have thought of God generally as just a great superman, a power to be feared rather than understood and loved sitting upon throne, waiting to judge men, and sending both good and evil. The world needs to get away from this view of God. It needs a larger concept of God, which is embraced in the use of the term Principle.

In an eastern city after a lecture, a woman came to me in seeming mental distress and said: "I want to know how your God can be everywhere at the same time." I was grateful then for the thought of God being Principle, as it afforded a ready answer to her inquiry. In considering the principle of mathematics manifest in addition, subtraction, multiplication, it is easy to see that this principle can be everywhere at the same time. The millions of Europe, Asia, Africa or America, can all have the multiplication table at the same time with all of its power and facility, without interfering in the slightest particular with its use anywhere else in the universe, always with one proviso,—that they do understand the multiplication table and apply it.

In a far larger sense God being divine Principle, infinite, unfailing, is everywhere present, able to solve man's every problem provided man understands Him and the availability and application of His power.

Was not this the thought of the Psalmist when he sang: "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me" (Psalms 139).

There is no problem, no condition, that can come to us but God's power is ever available for its satisfactory solution.

Continning this same thought of the multiplication table, ask a schoolboy how long he thinks eight times eight have been sixty-four and ten times ten one hundred." Doubtless his answer will be "always." How long he thinks it will remain so? Answer—"always." And that is correct. As idea of Principle does not change, so the multiplication table, as idea of the principle of mathematics can never change. Principle does not change nor does its idea or image. Likewise divine Principle is eternal, inviolable, unchanging, always operating. Principle is not moved by the breath of praise or flattery, or by entreaty or threat. In the thought or God being Principle, Christian Scientists have gotten away from the old belief that God interfers in the affairs of men because they are asking Him to do this, that, or some other thing, or that God causes the unnatural or supernatural to be happening in the lives and affairs of men. It teaches God's work is already perfect and complete. Indeed the Bible says that "God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."

The mission of scientific Christianity is to reveal the perfectness and completeness of God's work, to enable us to overcome in our own lives and experiences everything and every thought that is unlike God and His creation. Does not this thought bring us back to that rule of conduct which Jesus gave, that we should do always the thing that is in accord with the Father's will?

### VERMONT STATE NEWS.

Middlebury College sent out 84 graduates this year.

Chester is to have a Masonic Home Inc., with $10,000 capital.

Ex-Governor E. J. Ormsbee of Brandon was 88 years old last week.

"Death's Curve," an overpass at Richmond is to be improved by the state.

The fines and costs collected in the Burlington city court the last two months amounted to $1,711.84.

The Dover Lumber Company is a new corporation, with headquarters at Wilmington and $50,000 capital.

Windsor may get the Paquin Manufacturing Company of Springfield, maker of house heating equipment.

West Fairlee has secured a Vermont poet, Daniel Cady, as an attraction for its fair this fall.

The will of the late Allen M. Fletcher has been probated. He leaves the bulk of his property to his wife.